

Social Suicide: Revival

by Girly 411

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\*\*Social Suicide: Revival!\*\*

\*\*Summary:\*\* When Ryan uncovers an unusual mystery involving the strange secret of his family's past, he finds himself questioning the reality he thought he knew. But on the rocky path to long-awaited answers, a more important question arises: should he tell Sharpay? A parody revamped!

\*\*Disclaimer:\*\* I do not own High School Musical or anything in relation to it, but I do own "Magicath" (which this is sort of a crossover fanfiction forâ€| but only so-so, since it isn't an actual fandom outside of my fictionpress circle of friends and associates). There's also a slight and mostly irrelevant crossover with Halloweentown â€“ another thing I don't own. And here's the big whammy, as if you didn't expect it from me after reading the summary: this is a parodyâ€| merely one you can take slightly seriously due to intense snarking.

\*\*FYI:\*\* \*\*Okay, let's be honest here. In freshman year, I tried to write a serious story and it ended up unsatisfying to my particular tastes. =P Then, I looked back at it and realized the potential it had, so I used a few tricks such as typing it up in a daze without really paying attention to what I was doing the entire time to bring it to its current inglorious state and posted it for your viewing pleasure. But it never occurred to me until now that I should've explained to you exactly what it \*\*\_\*was\*\_\*\* you were reading. So, here we go with my relatively decent explanation. As is, in its original form, "Social Suicide" is a horridly written parody of all

teen fanfictions that are written on the premise of premature out-of-whack hormones (though that's not to say all teen fanfictions are like that cuz I've come across some \*\*\_\*very\*\_\*\* good ones). And the poor quality of it makes it even more laughable, so I'd like you to please treat it as such.\*\*

"\*\*Social Suicide", my first ever fanfiction, was written solely to initiate my entrance into the world of fanfiction, so naturally I posted it the day after I created this account (as was the wait limit on the site when I joined and I'm pretty sure it still is now). Fridge Logic aside, every writer has to start somewhereâ€| even with an all-too-accurate parody, wouldn't you say? \*sigh\* Well, at least you can be reassured that I have a sense of humor. =P\*\*

\*\*Nowâ€| The better version you're currently about to read is going to be ten times the spoofy humorâ€| because parodies are sort of my thing (which my brothers kindly pointed out after listening to me complain for hours on end about the different fandoms I felt obligated to poke fun at =P). \*\*

\*\*I know I promised a sequel to the initial story, but that'll come eventuallyâ€| Just consider the version you're reading now # 1Â½ in the parody "series". Yup. So, that would technically make this a parody of a parodyâ€| O\_o Ermâ€| maybe. But awesomer! Yeah, that's right. As to what I'm parodying â€| isn't it obvious? There's a trope for that. =P All you Genre Savvy people would understand. (Visit TVtropes and look for the High School Musical page if you're unsure of what I'm talking about â€" I found it to be quite hilarious.)\*\*

\*\*If you so wish to read the original, by all means, please feel free to do so. This one will actually be a lot funnier and it'll make much more sense if you do. If not? Well, then please continue and I'll try to explain the extra humor along the way. Speaking of whichâ€| ^\_^' \*sweatdrop\*\*\*

\*\*In advance, I apologize for the opening pre-prologue pieceâ€| That's also part of the spoof (you'd have to read the original to understand why it's supposed to be funny because it "continues" the last chapter). Once you get near the end of it and transition into the prologue, you'll come to understand (hopefully) that I purposely chose not to use my true writing style, proper grammar and formatting, spell check, correct characterization, etc. to write that short opening for a reason. And trust meâ€| It hurt so much to write it the way it is and it took me so long to dumb down my skills enough to make it laughable â€" no, I'm not bragging; I'm simply admitting that I'm well out of practice. =/ \*headdesk\*\*\*

\*\*Happy reading, my lovely parody fans. ;D\*\*

\*\*\*smirks and withdraws an easy button from a nearby convenient pocket dimension\* Initiating restart sequence in 3â€| 2â€| 1â€| \*smacks hand menacingly down on the button and chuckles triumphantly\*\*\*

\*\*Meanwhile, back at the happily ever after partyâ€| \*\*

As soon as Ryan had come back from his phone call, the couples had split up to do their own thing. Rachael and Zac had disappeared and Cloe dragged Ryan away to dance. Sharpay and Zeke still weren't back

yet, but after what Cloe had said earlier no one was too concerned about it. Ryan kept string at the door and checking his phone for any signs of Sharpay in case she wanted to go home. 'Late' hadn't been a specific answer. To keep his mind off it, Cloe finally decided to lead him over to the punch bowl where they found Rachael and Zac fighting over a bag of cookies. "Give them back!" Rachael said. "But they're so good!" Sac argued. He dodged her attempt to grab them again, 'I thought you said you didn't want them."

"I changed my mine." Rachael pouted. Zac held the bag of cookies away from Rachael and Cloe quickly grabbed it as she and Ryan walked up to them. "Hey!" Rachael and Zac shouted at the same time. Cloe smirked as she handed the cookies to Ryan. "Really guys?" she asked. "Are these the cookies from Zeke?" Ryan asked knowingly. Rachael was about to say that Sharpay had handed them to her before she left, but at that moment the lights started to flicker and the music began to skip. "What's going on?" Rachael asked instead not sure what was going on.

"I don't know." Ryan responded looking around for a possible explanation before his eyes widened as an idea hit him, "Do you think this is Theresa's doing" "Probable not." Cloe tried to reassure, "My mom and Daniel made sure was properly sealed in that tea strainer." Zac nodded in agreement. "Cloe's right." Zac said, "They put a lot of spells and charms on it, so she can't get out." He was about to tell them they were overreacting but, suddenly, the got the feeling that a presence was watching them and getting closer.

They looked at each other nervously before looking around the cafeteria for signs of the familiar blond who had tried to control the universe. Thankfully, they didn't see her anywhere, but that didn't calm their nerves as the realized Sharpay still hadn't come back. Should we call Sharpay?" Rachael asked, looking to Cloe, "She might be in trouble, if the power goes out." "I would but my phone isn't working." Ryan commented as he held up his phone to show the flickering screen. They continued to share a worried look as they tried to figure out what to do.

Just then the room went dark for a moment and they found themselves standing in the gym among the balloons and confetti. That was odd. How had they gotten there? "Ryan!" they hear Sharpay's voice scream and they turned to see her approaching them with Zeke behind her, "What did you do?" The last thing she remembered was being in the closet making out with Zeke. The only explanation was that someone did something to bring her back here and Ryan was the one who'd called her before so it made sense. "Don't look at me!" Ryan held his hands up in front of him innocently.

Zac shifted uncomfortably as they noticed their surroundings start to go fuzzy for a moment as if it was fading in and out with the lights. Cloe looked at him and sighed. "Someone pressed the reset button, didn't they?" Zac nodded reluctantly. "It would seem that way" Zac admitted. "What?" Sharpay glared at the others in the room in accusation. "Heyâ€|I don't even know what a reset button is." Zeke spoke up for the first time. "So waitâ€|we're going to have to start over and earn our happy ending \_again\_?" Rachael realized and panicked at the thought. If they had to start over again, would they remember each other? Would they still be friends? Would things work out differently or stay the same? Rachael wasn't sure she wanted the change as she threw her arms around Zac in a tight hug.

As if to answer their questions, a female voice unfamiliar to them echoed from above. \*\*"Let's try to take things seriously now, alright? You're on your own this time, so be grateful,"\*\* the disembodied voice explained with a chuckle, \*\*"Not \*\*\_\*everyone\*\_\*\* gets a second chance, you know."\*\* As the world darkened around them, the group looked around frantically, unable to identify where the voice was coming from. \*\*"This time, thoughâ€| I'd like you to \*\*\_\*wow\*\_\*\* me."\*\*

And with that, the terrified teenagers and one genie disappeared from sight as reality rewrote itself back to the beginning, where they'd find themselves with no memory of their journey together.

And so, the true story beginsâ€|

\*\*Prologue:\*\*

A woman in her mid-twenties sat at a writing desk using only the light of one small candle to permeate the darkness surrounding her. The little flame reflected off the dulled metallic surface of an item wrapped partially in thick fabric on the desk next to the figure busying herself with her work. It was cold, as were all Arabian nights since she'd been there, but a chill entirely unrelated to the temperature outside ran down her back. As the quill in her hand moved swiftly across the paper in front of her, neatly-written words formed phrases she'd once thought were impossible outside her nightmares. The quill quivered slightly between her fingers as she continued to write her last in a long line of letters.

â€|\_Well, my dear, I must bid you adieu. Do not worry. This is my last day in Arabia, so I will see you soon. If by any chance we should be separated, my dear sister, we shall meet again someday. We might not meet in the next week or in the next year, but sooner or later we shall come together to save our home and our father. Use your powers well, my lovely Delilah, and take care of the genie in the lamp. I must go now. Stay safe.\_

\_Your worried sister,\_

\_Corinne\_

Her hand shook unexpectedly as she signed her name and, upon returning the quill to the ink well, the woman steadily rose to her feet before gently swiping the letter from the desk to thoroughly read it over. Holding the paper firmly between her fingers so as not to drop it or smudge the ink, she leveled it with the tiny flame and took shaky breaths as she scanned each line carefully. One wrong word and she'd never hear the end of it from the only family member she'd managed to keep close to her after the trouble back homeâ€| with help from their advisor, of course. Without her, neither of them would've been able to manage on their own in a foreign world for the past twenty long and draining years.

But after spending the last three of those years tracking down a prospectively powerful item unique to her family line, she'd finally recovered the lamp that had belonged to her father for more years than she could remember. Part of her had initially thought finding the item would bring her relief, but she wasn't so sure she could allow herself that privilege yet. She was perhaps more worried

now than she had been at the start of her journey. Needless to say, her plan to relieve that unnecessary stress was to entrust her sister with the task of caring for their family treasure, a task she knew the younger woman would be more than willing to accept.

Of course, she felt guilty for thrusting the weight of that burden onto the only sibling she had, but she couldn't bear it herself. She'd insisted on doing so much already. In fact, after all this time, she hated to admit her nerves were finally getting the better of her. It wasn't that she was unaccustomed to spending so much time in foreign territory — the item she had reclaimed had once fallen into the hands of someone with the potential to destroy more than just her family. If the wrong forces ever tried to find it again — far worse than her current situation might unfold.

She sighed as she gently folded the letter addressed to her sister and tucked it safely inside her pocket. If only she didn't have to be so secretive of her exact whereabouts! Quickly, she shook herself of that thought. The way things were currently set up was for the best — she knew that. If she tried to change their conditions now, it would only mean trouble for all involved.

Hurryâ€|

Without hesitation, she grabbed the package from its place on the desk, blew out the flickering flame, and silently crept to the door. As she peered into the vacant streets, the rather slender woman took note of any movement in the shadows, dark forms that almost seemed to slither along the walls and lurk around each corner as far as she could see.

Hurryâ€| Hurryâ€|

Once she had established that the coast was clear, she clutched the parcel tightly in her arms, taking extra care to obscure it from any unwanted night crawler's view, and dashed out into the dark streets. There was only one place she could go from here and she'd have to be swift if she wanted this letter and the accompanied bundle to be delivered. After all, her sister would likely come after her, endangering herself in the process, if she didn't receive news soon.

Hurryâ€| Hurryâ€| Hurryâ€|

The woman continued to run, pumping her legs harder as she ignored the rapid thudding in her chest, and brushed a few strands of blonde hair out of her eyes. One wrong step and she would never make it back, which was why it was regrettably best for her and her sister if they went their separate ways. That way, it would be harder for the wrong people to find them. She sighed remorsefully and cautiously turned a corner, her last thoughts echoing the frustration in her heart as she disappeared into the murky shadows of the night.

'What have we gotten ourselves into?'

Chapter 1: New School

Approximately 17 years laterâ€|

Decemberâ€|

Wednesdayâ€|

Of course, it would be Wednesday. The one day in the dead center of the week on which absolutely nothing interesting ever happens. The day on which the optimists and hopeful students longing for a break from the inevitable torment that is schoolwork and social crises make the exciting realization that the week is half over. And subsequently, the day on which the pessimists get to heartlessly shatter all delusions of freedom by bluntly pointing out to said hopeful students that there's still two more treacherous days to go before the weekend arrives, therefore plummeting their once high spirits into an abyss of misery. Well, perhaps now the common perception of Wednesdays serving as nothing other than the blatant "hump days" will be reconsidered.

They may even be newly thought of as the days on which social bearings begin to crumbleâ€|

The grounds of East High School were quiet and serene, classes were still in session, and everyone was used to the schedule by now. Wellâ€| all but one girl. Shockerâ€| right?

Cloe Cromwell was new to East High and she had absolutely no idea what was going on. It was her first day as a freshman transfer student who had joined the school at a relatively odd time â€" two and a half weeks before Winter break, to be precise â€" and had been given little opportunity to fit in with the rest of the school's population. Even the students in her year had already formed their own individual social circles and were getting along as though they'd known each other for years. Not that she doubted the odds of many of them already knowing each other from prior schooling in the area. So, while they talked excitedly with each other about their vacation plans in almost every single class throughout the day so far, she sat alone, hoping to survive the remainder of the year in one piece.

Currently daydreaming in English class as always, the brunette sat gazing out the window, longing for the snow she missed so much. She had moved away from her old home, her old school, and her old friends, the few she had anyway, to come to a place that already seemed so unwelcoming to those who may as well be foreign to the rest of its citizens. So, where did she stand in her opinion of quaint little Albuquerque, New Mexico and this admittedly diverse school, East High? So farâ€| she couldn't wait for school to end.

"Miss. Cromwell," the teacher called across the room, releasing the girl from her thoughts in a tone Cloe wasn't quite sure she liked. With those words, it was almost a strange sensation that overcame the brunette girl â€" as if she'd just awoken from a deep slumber of some sort and regained all consciousness of her thoughts and actions, which up until this point, had been eluding her â€" though she couldn't quite place the reason why. The finely aging Ms. Darbus, she'd noted toward the beginning of class, was very caught up in the theatre and took everything seriously. Perhaps too seriously.

"Yes, Ms. Darbus?" Cloe responded, trying to sound even remotely confident. Needless to say, she should've given up on that failed endeavor. It was a lost cause way before she'd even thought to

attempt it.

"Ahâ€|" the woman began, repositioning her large glasses slightly as she looked over the newest addition to her classroom, "I see you are new here, but the rules remain clear. You are to pay attention in class." The grey-haired patron of the arts sucked in a small breath, though that didn't stop her voice from carrying clearly throughout the room in an embarrassingly unyielding tone that matched her firm expression. "We take the rules very seriously here at East High. No exceptions."

'No kiddingâ€|' Cloe thought in a self-mocking style, 'I never questioned that.''

Ms. Darbus tilted her chin in such a manner that the subject of her attention got the feeling she'd rehearsed this speech many a time before. "Do you understand?" She gave the girl a look that could only be described as a stern practiced glare that sent adrenaline pumping throughout Cloe's body. No one else really seemed to care about the mental panic of their newest colleague as they hid their laughter from their teacher's watchful eye. Typical.

"Yes, Ms. Darbus," the young girl breathed softly, which must have been the cue for the woman to turn and continue her needlessly drawn out spiel becauseâ€| that's exactly what her teacher was doing.

Cloe's face flushed a little, which was a very noticeable contrast to her normally pale Scottish skin. Although it would generally become the equivalent of transparent whenever she was excited, nervous, or cold, at the moment, she was very nervous. And since this kind of occurrence technically wasn't anything new for her â€" it tended to happen a lot, especially at her old school â€" it didn't exactly strike her as a matter to take any special notice of. And that was another reason she'd started to block out her classmates' near silent chuckles at her expense. Shouldn't Ms. Darbus be doing something about that instead of nattering on in a tone that sounded all too theatrical for a classroom?

Though, here was another minor detail that didn't particularly sit well with her. The school she'd formerly attended had supposedly been impressed with her grades and apparent "excessive" knowledge in English and jumped her to a more advanced class. Little did she know when she transferred here, East High's very own Principal Dave Matsui was also impressed with her transcript and kept her in the advanced course she'd previously been taking. She didn't know how things had worked out this way, but yesâ€| with her luck, she was stuck in a class filled with juniors. Howâ€| wonderful wasn't quite the word to describe the odd feeling in the pit of her stomach.

As Ms. Darbus continued to lecture her and subsequently the entire class, Cloe tried her best to look as though she was attempting to focus thoroughly on her teacher's monologue about the importance of paying attention in class rather than reveling in her own thoughts. It was during times like these that Cloe wished she could hide behind her just-below-shoulder-length light brown hair, but she'd have to wait before she could grow it out enough for that to thoroughly become an option. Instead, she'd have to settle for pulling her hat down over her face just enough for her to feel the comfort of her security blanket without giving others the impression that she was

being rude.

Although she had an average build and was what apparently counted as average height for girls her age, she sometimes felt a bit bigger or smaller depending on who she was around. And how could that thought possibly be relevant? Well, right now, she was feeling exceptionally tiny under the room's speculative gaze. And just as she was starting to hope the other students might have gotten bored of laughing at the "fresh meat", she realized all of them were staring at her and upon looking down, she noticed why. Her veins were tracing purple and blue webs along her papery skin and making quite a curious display for any and all watchful eyes. She quickly rolled down the sleeves of her shirt and tucked her arms under her desk to hide the focus of her upperclassmen's interest. The last thing she needed was to be labeled as a "freak of nature" on her first day.

"And I expect the rest of you to follow the rules as well," Ms. Darbus continued just as the dismissal bell rang and not a moment too soon to cut her off.

Not so surprisingly, Cloe was the first one out of the room. She didn't quite feel like sticking around for the last of that lecture. She only needed to hear it once to get the point and that was already one time too many for her. Besides, somewhere along the lines, Ms. Darbus had ventured into the realm of theatrical analogies to make her point. Were all the teachers at this school soâ€œ dedicated to one subject? If so, she really wasn't looking forward to joining an extracurricular. That could be a potential disaster. As she continued her walk through the hallway, more and more students poured out of their classrooms, filling her with a sense of dread for the months to come.

'Great,' Cloe thought, 'My first day and I'm a shoe-in for detention with Ms. Darbus.' '

It had come to her attention that she was beginning to sound like she was developing a horribly clichÃ©d way of thinking â€“ and, for that, she was more than willing to blame the increasingly more disgusting personality this educational facility had â€“ but it truly felt horrible to be the new girl in school. First off, she was only fourteen, being the fact that her birthday had just passed, and most of the freshman class would be fifteen within the early months of the upcoming year. That might not be a problem elsewhere, but here it left her at a disadvantage if only for the fact it gave others the opportunity to treat her as an inferior specimen should they ever inquire about her age. Sure, blame her for overreacting, but judging from the way people acted around this placeâ€œ she had a feeling anyone older than her would just treat her as a child rather than a potential friend. And lying about her age wouldn't really get her anywhere friend-wise, that isâ€œ if she could even pick up the courage to talk to people.

Yeahâ€œ she knew that was a particularly nasty curse she apparently possessed. Her confidence was exceptionally lacking and no amount of persistence could successfully change that. She'd tried. Countless times.

With that slightly troublesome point of realization in mind, there was only one place she could think of to start her involvement in the

school community, but " and here came her second major point " taking up an extracurricular seemed like a difficult task, considering her current situation. And the prospect of coming across more teachers/moderators with one-tracked minds at a similar obsessive stage as her English teacher's sounded less than inviting. Speaking of Ms. Darbus, all throughout the day, Cloe had heard about the school musical and there were many times she'd wanted to sign up, but in the end had become too afraid of more humiliation to go alone. Besidesâ€| there was already one other thing she was deathly afraid of in that department.

"Hey!" an oddly cheery male voice rose above the other voices reduced to white noise in the hallway behind her. How strangeâ€|

At first, she wasn't quite sure if the person was talking to her " why would a random guy talk to her out of the blue? " since there were plenty of other more likely candidates in the hallway around her, but all doubt in her mind vanished when someone trotted up behind her.

Bothersome peopleâ€|

She gasped and froze in partial shock for a quick second as a hand took hold of her shoulder.

What theâ€| ?

Quickly turning around to face the potential threat to her nervous system, she was even more surprised to see a familiar guy from her English class smiling back at her.

' Dudeâ€| ' She couldn't help but notice the oddly flamboyant outfit he was sporting and inwardly raised an eyebrow at the implications it brought with it. Noâ€| she wasn't one to make crude judgments. It just struck her as a bit odd, although she had a feeling there was probably a perfectly logical reason for why he was wearing it. Then againâ€| she didn't even know the guy.

"I'm Ryan," he introduced himself politely, finally releasing his gentle grip on her previously captive shoulder as if he'd just realized the contact might have been uncomfortable for her, "Uhâ€| Ryan Evans." Because, you know, last names are kind of important for distinguishing purposes.

Alrightâ€| now she knew of him. Still, it was kind of strange that he was talking to her when she hadn't done anything to provoke him. At least, she hoped she hadn't.

"We met earlierâ€| sort of," he continued to explain in a somewhat awkward manner as if he was trying not to say anything unnecessarily dumb or sketchy, she supposed.

Yeahâ€| for maybe two seconds at the beginning of class when Sharpay dragged him over to her desk in an obvious attempt to pressure her with a pointless partial self-introduction andâ€| something about the list of extracurriculars on the various bulletin boards scattered around the school. Man, that was a complicated mental mouthful.

Almost as an afterthought in response to her stunned silence, Ryan

offered a hand to her.

For a short moment, Cloe stared at it in private contemplation. Huh. Weird. No one was ever this polite to her at her old school. Maybe he was just the odd one out around this place. Like a designated greeter or somethingâ€| or just another desperate guy, though highly unlikely considering what she'd seen of him before. Did he know she was a freshman? Or was he under the mistaken impression that she was in his year? Hmmâ€| That could get awkward.

Hesitantly, she lightly grasped his hand and they shook for a quick second. The moment he let go, though not soon enough for her particular liking, Cloe turned away from him and continued her objective of reaching the hallway of freshmen lockers without further interruption. Perhaps if she ignored him long enough, he'd realize she wasn't in the mood to talk.

Of course, considering the way her luck always ran, Ryan persistently followed. "Soâ€|" he spoke casually while they walked, "I saw you met Ms. Darbus."

Was that all he had to say for himself? If anything, bringing that encounter up not more than several minutes after it had occurred made her even less inclined to speak with him.

"I wouldn't worry about it too much," he reassuringly offered his opinion, taking her silence for embarrassment or something along those lines, "She's not so bad once you get to know her."

Cloe nodded and kept walking. What exactly did he think he was getting at? And that line was used way too often in the modern world for lack of anything better to say, which made it less effective and therefore made her even less prone to believe it. If he'd wanted to persuade her to trust that their eccentric English teacher had a kind heart, he should've just said so or considered his choice of words more carefully. He really wasn't leaving a good first impression on her if that's what he was aiming for.

Ryan looked at her for a quick moment before shoving his hands into his pockets and grappling over something to say. "You're new here," he finally concluded, somehow successfully maintaining his casual friendly smile. Hadn't Ms. Darbus just mentioned that back in the classroom?

'Tell me something I don't know,' she thought, finding it impossible to fathom a reason she deserved this unnecessary harassment. Instead of addressing it, she continued about her business and refused to allow herself to spare him a glance. That might actually encourage him.

"You know the girl in the back of the class, right?" he continued with a remarkably vague question as if she hadn't just tried to brush him off, "Her name's Taylor. She's not only the president of the chem club, but she's also the go-to person for any question about school activities."

Okay, now he was just rambling â€" she was sure of it. What other explanation could there possibly be for this nonsensical jumble of unrelated words spewing from his mouth?

"And?" Cloe urged him to get to the point, hardly shifting her gaze to settle on his all-too-friendly expression. That was more than a little worrying.

Nonetheless, it didn't seem to bother him that she wasn't interested in speaking with him. "Andâ€œ I'm just saying that if you need someone to talk to, she'll be able to help," Ryan finished his thought unphased and paused a moment before adding, "Wellâ€œ she's not the only one who's willing to help if you need anything."

Cloe stopped and turned to look at him almost suspiciously. Sure, he was nice, but she'd always been told to stay wary of overly friendly boys. "What do you want from me?" There had to be a catch. There was always a catch. Friendliness generally didn't come without a price these days â€œ that much, she knew.

"Well, my sister and I always meet new students and try to help them â€œ for lack of a better word â€œ fit in properly," he answered with a slight shrug. And there it was. The catch.

"Thanks, but no thanks," Cloe declined and turned to walk away. She didn't need this.

Ryan stepped in front of her to block her path. "Aw, don't be like that," he told the small brunette as he placed his hands on her shoulders and looked her steadily in the eyes, "You're not afraid of my sister, are you?" For a moment, he furrowed his brow and narrowed his eyes questioningly as if that conclusion solved everything.

"And who might that be?" Cloe asked simply, though miraculously managing to hide the irritation and discomfort she felt from the contact his hands once again insisted on making with her shoulders.

How did he expect her to know who everyone was if she'd only just transferred? She was never good at putting names to faces and even if he didn't know that, which he probably didn't, his common sense should've told him that it was practically impossible for her to know any and everyone in this school within a mere matter of hours from her arrival. Unless it was a well-known fact that she had a photographic memoryâ€œ which, for the record, she didn'tâ€œ Her mind may be a little cynical and clichÃ©d at times, but it was perfectly normal. Whatever. Back to the source of her problems.

Ryan sort of laughed awkwardly as if the answer was obvious. "You knowâ€œ Sharpay?" came the dreaded response.

What?

That last word rung in Cloe's ears. 'Sharpay?' she thought in dulled realization, 'My biggest fearâ€œ is related to him?'

Well, that would explain why he thought she'd know who "his sister" was, since they'd just "met" a little while ago at the start of their last period class. And what was even more shocking than the fact he'd been unknowingly harboring an important piece of information she hadn't knownâ€œ

How was it possible that the two of them were related, much less

\_twins\_? As far as she could tell, they were nothing alike. And from the way Sharpay had been dragging Ryan around before class, Cloe had gotten the impression that they were \_dating\_, not brother and sister. She'd seen plenty of cases where girls dated guys they could easily bend to their every whim, so it wasn't an illogical conclusion, considering Sharpay had never actually \_explained\_ who the guy with her was and Cloe had been too scared to spot the slight resemblance between them. Maybe it was just her being entirely new to the school and its student body, but the two of them acted more like that type of couple rather than siblings.

"Um. N-no," Cloe stuttered, trying not to allow her expression to reveal just how big of a lie that was, "N-not at all. It's just thatâ€!" She shrugged out of Ryan's grip and stepped around him, eager to leave as soon as possible. "â€! I have to go." And without another word, she speed-walked away from the blonde boy and began to run only when she was far enough away to render any attempt at stopping her futile. But just when she'd begun to think all confrontations were done for the day, she collided with another person as she rather rapidly turned a corner.

"Ow," a girl's voice spoke this time, shortly followed by a near-painful-sounding thud as the stranger fell backwards onto the floor.

Well, wasn't this just a stroke of luck? At least it wasn't Sharpay's voice she was hearing. Cloe knelt next to the girl and immediately began to help her gather the armful of books she'd evidently been carrying with her. "I am so sorry," Cloe spluttered an apology, "I should've been paying more attention to where I was going."

"That's alright. Really," the girl responded reassuringly in a semi-hurried manner, "It's not a problem."

They looked up at each other from where they knelt in the small pile of scattered books and immediately a sense of familiarity washed over the young Cromwell. Long chestnut-colored hair fell rather gracefully down the girl's back even though it was pulled into a low ponytail. And she was dressed pretty modestly in sneakers, a pair of jeans, and a light zipper-up sweater-jacket zippered partway to reveal the top half of the simple t-shirt that adorned her moderate frame. Just as Cloe was wondering if she'd seen her somewhere before, her attention was brought to the kind brown eyes peering curiously at her through a pair of red-rimmed glasses perched snugly on the bridge of her colleague's nose. And then the girl spoke againâ€!

"Hi, I'm Rachael," she introduced herself as she held out her hand politely, hoping to gain a friend from this encounter.

Ahâ€! Cloe politely returned the gesture upon recognizing her as a fellow freshman from her art class and they shook. "I'm Cloe." Yup, it looked like she'd have to pull her non-existent social skills out of the bag for this one. So far, it seemed worth the extra effort.

They smiled and released hands as Rachael grabbed her books. "So," she questioned as they stood and Cloe noted she was only slightly shorter than herself, "who were you running from?"

"Ryan Evans," Cloe responded quietly in case either of the twins had been following her. She was still partially wondering if speaking their names would summon them from whichever corner of the school they were lurking in. Kind of like demonsâ€¦

"Really?" Rachael squeaked in surprise, "I was running from Sharpay." Wasn't that odd? Maybe they'd both been scared here by the Evans twins for a reason.

"Maybe Squeakers would be a better name for you," Cloe kindly teased, chuckling slightly at the way the girl had almost sounded like a mouse.

"Thanks." Rachael smiled and rolled her eyes sarcastically. "I can understand running from Sharpay, but why Ryan?"

Right. Back on track. "Well, actually, I'm not sure I know why," Cloe explained rather hesitantly, realizing she hadn't exactly thought over a concrete reason for her reaction, "I don't know what kind of person he is, but if he's related to Sharpay, he can't be good news, right?"

Rachael shrugged. She couldn't really say she knew him either, but he didn't seem all that bad. After all, he gave off a much better vibe than his sister did. "What did he tell you?" she asked curiously. She had yet to make an encounter with the male Evans in a situation where Sharpay wasn't the domineering force behind their conversation. So, she was kind of curious to know what that would be like.

"Well, he wanted to make sure I fit in properly here. And he suggested I go to him, or Sharpay, or even some other girl who sits in the back of my English class." She shrugged, realizing she'd forgotten the latter's name. Oh, well. It wasn't like she was actually going to seek her out for anything. "Just because they're juniors doesn't give them rights to run the school, though." Cloe rolled her eyes, trying not to dwell on it any further. It would only give her a migraine and a case of upset stomach if she did.

"Uh-oh." Rachael looked concerned for a moment, an expression was well-accustomed to her face. Making sure the coast was clear, she grabbed Cloe's arm and led her to a flight of stairs that would bring them to the freshmen lockers several hallways down.

"What?" Cloe asked, a little worried now, "Is that bad?" As far as she could tell from past experiences, uh-oh generally wasn't a term used to describe pleasant situations.

"Very. Sharpay's after me for the same reason. She practically runs the school, not the juniors or at least, she tries to," Rachael explained as they reached their lockers, which were coincidentally right next to each other, "She and Ryan both attempt to get the school exactly how Sharpay sees fit."

Although she was well-aware that the jocks were the ones who ruled most of the school, in all honesty, Rachael figured Ryan and Sharpay were on a pretty close level as them due to their family ties and certain affiliations. After all, it was practically common knowledge around the school that the Evans twins got whatever they wanted because they were both popular and rich, though perhaps the former

category had a lot to do with the latter one.

"Oh, I see." Cloe opened her locker and she noted Rachael was already shoving books into her own. "You're saying he wants to ensure Sharpay's every command is fulfilled." That would explain a lot about the way Sharpay treated himâ€| at least, from what she saw anyway.

"Exactly. He's afraid to get booted."

'Right,' Cloe mentally sighed in relief, 'previous impression axed.'

Rachael closed her locker and turned to the pale-skinned girl as she shouldered her bag. "Cloe, Sharpay's getting him to set you straight. She figures he'll get you to find a clique that fits and stick with it."

Cloe sighed in confusion as they started walking in the direction of the school's main entrance. If Ryan was Sharpay's pawn, she'd have to watch her back because he didn't seem like the type of person to give up on anything all that easily. On the other hand, she supposed it was better to deal with him than the other one.

"Is there an explanation as to why you're running from Sharpay?" she asked almost suspiciously. The girl obviously wasn't new to East High like she was, so what kind of business would the domineering blonde teen have with someone like her? She hadn't done anything that had resulted in a grudge match, had she? Cloe honestly hoped not. She couldn't afford to get involved in that type of situation so early on in the year, especially not by association.

"Have you\_ seen\_ Sharpay?" Rachael retorted, immediately implying the answer. In her mind, it wasn't too hard to understand why anyone would flee at the sight of that witch, whose name was oddly befitting of her personality.

"Yes, actually, I have," Cloe replied unhappily, inwardly groaning at the reminder, "I have the pleasure of dealing with her in my English class. Both she and Ms. Darbus scare me." She couldn't help but briefly wonder how her schedule had worked out that way. What had she done in a past life to deserve this level of torment? She was pretty sure she must've kicked a few puppies or accomplished something equally as heinous to have earned herself a forty-five minute time slot per weekday with both the school's very own Queen of Terror and eccentric advocate of the dramatic arts to rival all others.

"Ooh\_. You have to suffer with both of them?" Rachael spoke in a purely sympathetic tone as if imagining what that would be like, "Good luck." That had to suck. Ms. Darbus was known throughout the school as a teacher you did not want to mess with. She issued detentions more often than any of the other teachers ever didâ€| and detentions with Darbus were never all that enjoyable. Not that she'd ever earned one herself.

"So, this is what a typical day at East High is like," Cloe sighed as the two girls finally reached the school exit and walked down the front steps onto the campus. It was rather nice out, but she couldn't help the feeling that something gloomy still hung in the air.

"I know. It's all part of a minor detail called our future," Rachael said with a half smirk before noticing the familiar bright red buggy parked in front of the school, "Well, I've gotta go. See you tomorrow by the lockers?" The genuine friendly smile on her face was enough to leave Cloe thankful for the invitation.

"Works for me," Cloe responded, waving as her new friend began to take off, and then added as an afterthought, "â€|Squeakers."

Rachael laughed, turning back for a moment to look contemplatively at the taller brunette. "Hey, that's kinda catchy. I'll have to come up with one for you."

"You do that," Cloe replied enthusiastically as Rachael waved and walked towards her mother's car. Cloe sighed and stood there for a moment longer in the relative silence her new friend's departure had left behind. "How long do I have to put up with this stuff?" she quietly wondered aloud in reflection of her day so far before forcefully reminding herself of the positives, "But on the bright side, I've made a friend and an enemy all in one day. That's quicker than at my old school." She watched as Rachael safely made it to her mother's car and rode away no doubt to return home and work on the pile of homework they'd been issued for the night.

'\_I better walk home,'\_ she thought and started her trek across the campus at a relative leisurely pace. She had enough time to spare and enjoy for herself, right?

In all honesty, it wasn't too bad of a day out. The weather was fairly pleasant. The sun was shining, she couldn't really hear any birds over the chatter of students enjoying their leisure around her, and the fresh air was actually somewhat invigorating. The campus itself wasn't so bad looking either. Maybe a little small compared to some schools in the area, but it was definitely larger than the one at her old school. And considering she had a friend to look forward to seeing tomorrow, what did she have to worry about?

Just as she was nearing the sidewalk, a scarily familiar voice called out to her, "Hey. Wait up!"

She didn't have to look over her shoulder to tell who it was, but on a whim, she did anyway and though it wasn't much, what she saw terrified her. Ryan was waving to her from where he stood near a wooden bench a mere several feet behind her and Sharpay was sitting beside him with a smug smile on her face. Of course, the Terror Twins just had to spot her on her way home. Well, considering what little options she had for dealing with this type of situation, she did the only thing she really knew how to at a time like this. Without room for hesitation, Cloe turned around and ran away as fast as she couldâ€| and â€" if you couldn't guess, you've obviously never been in this situation before â€" wouldn't stop until she got home.

\*\*(A/N) Alrighty, peopleâ€| Because I've decided I really messed up by neglecting to explain my initial crazy to the readers of "Social Suicide" (the original parody), I'm going to do a little "spring cleaning" through the entire thing. After much debating over how I should go about handling that, I've decided to post an explanatory note at the beginning of the original as well as a universal

disclaimer for the entire story and repost the story here with all the revisions (because parodies are more fun when you don't hurt your brain trying to read them). Hopefully, this version of the story is MUCH more enjoyable than the originalâ€| =P\*\*

\*\*Reviews for the original story (which still remains on my profile page amongst my other stories) are still appreciated and welcomed with open arms. If you have any comments or critiques about it, I'd be more than happy to laugh at the original parody with you. Hehehâ€| XD I'm serious, thoughâ€| I make fun of it all the time with my brothers and I never fail to extract some amount of amusement from the horridness of its extremely poor quality â€" as is required of a parody of all tragically stereotypical teen fics that are written on the premise of premature out-of-wack hormones. Come on. Don't say you have no idea what I mean. I know you doâ€| I'm pretty sure the vast majority of you have come across fics like that that make you wanna puke your \_eyes\_ out. \*raises eyebrow as if daring the readers to pose a contradiction to that statement\* =P\*\*

\*\*I'm just kind of disappointed no one pointed out the major flaw in my plan earlier (the fact I forgot to explain it was a parody meant to be laughed at rather than taken seriously). XD Instead, I feel bad for accepting completely serious praise for something so horrid. I suppose I assumed that everyone understood what I was getting at, but it later occurred to me that I was wrong about that. Okayâ€| enough ragging on my early logic fail.\*\*

\*\*The following is how I plan to go about handling the author's notes, disclaimers, and summary from the original story:\*\*

\*\*\_Summary: The summary has been rewritten so as not to give too much away and to inform the readers at a glance that this is a parody revamped.\*\*

\*\*\_Disclaimers: I've decided that I'll just rewrite the disclaimers where it's neededâ€| because there were \_a lot\_ of inconsistencies in the initial ones that don't bode well with me (as was explained in the original's FYI, even \_those\_ were parodies).\*\*

\*\*\_Author's Notes: The author's notes were harder to decide what to do withâ€| but I eventually came to the conclusion that I'll pick and choose which ones I want to keep at the end of each chapter (for humor purposes) and whatnot. If I've kept one, I'll write a new one underneath it headed "EDIT". Or I'll just quote and/or paraphrase the original one within the new one. \*shrug\* You'll see what I mean later on.\*\*

\*\*So, yeahâ€| That's my strategy. Also, underneath this note, you'll notice there are three categories followed by dates that might leave you a little confused as to why they're there. No worries, readers. They're basically for my sake. \*shrug\* Like a log for the story and whatnot.\*\*

\*\*So, I'll explain what they mean:\*\*

\*\*\_Original post: This is an estimate of the date(s) on which the original chapter(s) from the original story was posted. I don't know for sure only because I didn't officially record it. I know, I'm horrible.

><strong>

\*\*\_~ Revised:\_ This is the date(s) on which I wrote the revised version of the chapter. Some chapters will take me longer to rewrite for reasons that will become clearly understandable when you read the original chapter from the original story. Other chapters will be pretty simple to rewrite because they'll only need very few revisions. In short, rewriting the reality from the initial parody will be quite difficult, since everything was mixed up in a nonsensical jumble. Also, some chapters will be entirely new to the story or only contain parts of other chapters that were broken up for several reasons to be explained in the future. I'll point out which chapters each part comes from in the author's note so you'll be able to understand what the date refers to.\*\*

\*\*\_~ Re-posted:\_ Obviously, this is the date I posted the revised chapter you just read.\*\*

\*\*\_Original post:\_ 4/1/2008\*\*

\*\*\_Revised:\_ 1/4/11, 1/9/11, 6/22/11 â€“ 7/3/11, 7/5/11, 7/6/11, 7/8/11, 7/19/11, 7/23/11, 8/29/11, 10/8/11\*\*

\*\*\_Re-posted:\_ 10/21/11\*\*

End  
file.